The Skipper's Wooing

By W. W. JACOBS.

Geocatacoceses costesescos

They got under way at 4 o'clock next Morning, and Woke the cook up to assist at 3 80. At 3:35 they woke him again, and at 3:50 drauged him tro n his bank and tried to arouse him to a sense of his duty. The cook, with his eyes will closed, crawled bock again the moment they left him, and though they had him out twice after that. he Went tock in the same some

state and resumed his slumbers.

Brittleses was thirty miles astern when he at length awake and went on deck, and the schooler was scudding along under a stiff breeze. It was a breeze such as the more loved, and his face fell op shrinking figure of the cook as it glated softly into the galley.

Cook." he roared, "come here, you shalking rascal! Where've you been all

T've been in trouble, eir," said the cock, hundry: "you'll hardly believe the trouble I've been in through trying to do the shipper a kindness."

Don't you come none of that with me.' recred the mate warningly. you been? Come out with it!"

The cook, still somewhat weak from his adventures, leaned against the companion and with much dramatic gesture began his

As it proceeded the mate's breath cam thick and fast, his color rose, and he beby these symptoms of concern, the cook

"That'fl do," said the mate at last I ain't got to the worst of it yet, sir," said the cook.

"If you stand there lying to me for another moment I'll break your neck," said the mate, violently. You've had two days on the drink, that's what you've

"H's gawspel troth, sir," said the ok solognly. You wait till the skipper turns out,"

said the other, shaking his fist at him. "If it wasn't for leaving the whicel I'd set about you mayedf, may lad."

To the cook's imbiguation, the skipper chared the opinions of the mate conand unfeeling fashion stopped two days' pay. Down in the foc'sie he fared no better, the crew's honest tribute of amaze ment to his powers of untruthful parrative passing all bounds of decorn

passed Northfleet on their way on to Botherhithe, where they went to dicharge a small general carpo. The cook's behavior every time a police teat passed these came in for much scomful censure policie, and, when at last be did ventur Macaire and a Dick Turpin rolled into one

It was a damp, cheerless morning when they got to Northfleet again. They were not to load until the next day, and after disser Bency and the mate exchanged a · mile as the skipper took up his cap and went ashore.

He walked into Gravesend, and taking no notice of the rain, which was falling stendily, strolled idly about looking into the shop windows. He had a tomantic ides that he might meet Annis Gething there. It was half-holiday at the school and it was the most natural thing in the world that she should be sauntering about Gravesend in the pooring rain. At about 4 Griock being fairly wet through, be saw the fallacy of the idea strongly, and in a disconsolate fashion, after one glass at a convenient tavers, turned to go back to the ship. A little way along the toad he stepped aside to allow a girl to pass. -by mere force of habit-be her umbreila as he did so. Then he started back goildly, as his eyes met those of Miss Gething. She half stopped.

level afternoon," said the skipper, awk-

"Nusty weather," said the supper, standing respectfully three pards off. You must be very wet," said Miss

Good afternoop," said she,

Gething. "You are going to see mothe "I did think of doing so," said the

"I'm going to do a l'ttle shopping." sold she. "Good-by!"

she nodded brightly, and the skipper. raising his cap, turned on his heel and not off to pay the call. He turned his head several times as he went, but Miss Geth ing, who knew more of men than the sidener knew of women, did not tury

A quarter of an hour's brisk walk brought him to the house, and he shook the rain from his cap as he knocked gently at the standing with his hand on the bolt, re

"Mrs. Gething in?" asked the skipper. she's not just at present," the other.

ern come in and wait for her if you don't naind," said the shipper, speaking on the sour of the moment.

The other hesitated, and then standing aside to allow him to pass, closed th door, and they entered the small parlor together. The skipper, with a courage which surprised himself, took a chair uninvited and began to wipe his trousers

with his bandkerchief. "I'm afraid Mrs. Gething will be a long time," said the other man at last. 'I'll give her a few minutes," said the shipper, who would have ant there a

week with pleasure. his handlerchief and put them into shape with his fingers. The other man regarded these operations with an unfavorable eye,

watched him unensity. No message you could leave for Mrs. Gething," he suggested after a quarter of

The shipper shook his head, and in hi turn took stock of the other man-a goodlooking fellow, with a waxed black mus-tache, a light silk tie and a massive scarfin. A frack-coat hung about his knees, and shoes of the lightest brown called

artention to his small feet. Another quarter of an hour passed "Wet day," said the skipper, by way of starting the conversation again.

The other assented, and remarked that he thought it very probable that the wet would prevent Mrs. Gething from returning, whereupon the conversation languists d until the sound of known footsteps outside and the turning of a key in the latch made them both look up.

"Here she is," said the skipper softly. The other man said nothing, feeling, poswhile, that the entrance of Miss Gething was sufficient refutation of the statement He was also in anything but a talkstive

"Mother not in?" said Miss Gething is as she entered the room. good of you to wait, captain

"Ob. it's no trouble," said the akipper, who really thought there was no credit due to him for his action

She shook hands with the other man and smiled at the skipper. "I've seen you before," she said, "and it is good of you to Wait. I'm sure you're very wet. This is Mr. Glover, Capt. Wilson."

two gentlemen glared their acknowledgments, and the skipper, with sinking at his heart, began to feel to

the way. Miss Gething, after going outside infling pleasantly, and conversation became general, the two men using becas a sort of mman telephone, through which to trans-

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"italr past tive," said Miss Gething, sad "Have you got to catch the 6:30 denly.

train. Mr. Glover?' "Must," said Mr. Glover, dismally; business, you know," he noded, resign

You'll take a cup of tea before you go? said Anais. She was standing before Mr. Glover as she spoke, and the skipper, who had been feeling more and more in the way

tose, and muraured that he must go. His detective story entitled, "On the amazement when Mbs Gething twisted her Trail," and an element of adventure was pretty face into a Warning scowl and shook her head at him, was so great that Mr. Glover turned suddenly to see the caus-

"You'll take a cup, too, captain," said Miss Gething, with a polite smile. "Thank you," said the skipper, resumin his sent. His ideas were in a whirl, and he sot shent as the girl deftly set the tea

table and took her seat before the tray. "Quite a tea party," she said, brightly "One piece of segar, Mr. Glover?"
"Two," said that gentleman, in an in

She looked inquiringly at the skipper with the sugar tongs poised. "I'll leave it to you," said he confus edly Mr. Glover smiled contemptoons

ly, and raised his eyebrows a little. Miss Gething dropped in one piece and handed him the cup.
"Sometimes I take the piece, sometime two or three," said the skipper, trying to explain away his foolishness "I'm

not particular." You must be of an easy-going nature, said Miss Gething, indulgently. "Don't know his own mind, I should

think," said Mr. Glover, rudely "I know it about other things," said skipper.

The tone in which this remark was for two. made set Mr. Glover wondering darkly what the other thingss were. At ten minmes rast 6 he rose, and with great un willingess said he must go.
"It isn't taining much now," said Miss

Gething, encouragingly. Mr. Glover went to the hall, and taking his but and unrella, shock hands with her. Then be ame to the door again, and looked at the skipper "Going my way?" he imquired, with great affability, considering.

"Er, no," said the other.
Mr. Glaver put on his hat with a bang. nd with a cort ned followed Miss Gething the door and departed.

"Has be got to go?" the skipper inquired then the gul returned to the parlor. "London," said Annis briefly.

azing up the road with what appeared to "Well, I suppose I must be going," said be skipper, who thought he ought not to

stay any longer. Annis stood colde as he rose and followed m slowly to the hall. "I wish I had an umbrella to lend you.

"Oh, that'll be all right," said the skip er. "I'm nearly dry now."
"Dry?" said Annia. She put her little

band on his coat sleeve. "Oh, you're soaking," she said in dis-may. "The idea of me letting you sit about in that state!"

"That sleeve is the worst," said the skipper, whose circumstances had made artful 'h's all tight here." He brushed his hand down his coat.

"You're very wet," she said severely "You ought not to sit about in such thance Wait a moment. I'll get you a greatcoat of my father's." She sped lightly up the stairs, and returning with a long, heavy cont, held it out to

"That'll keep you dry," she remarked as. the skipper, after a few slight remonbegan to put it on. She held the ther sleeve up for him and watched, with he satisfaction of a philanthropist, as he mitaged it up. Then she opened the d "You'll give my respects to Mrs. Gething?" said the skipper

in. Are you staying here long?" "About three days."

Annis pondered.

"I shall be in town the day after iness," said the skipper. "If it wouldn't be troubling you I might look in. Good-

He shook hands confusedly, wonder ing whether he had gone too far; and as the door closed behind him, put his ands in Capt. Gething's pockets and went off in a brown study. Slowly and distinctly s be went along the various things grouped themselves together in his mind, and he

"She knew her mother was out when e met me," he said slowly. "She knew that other fellow was here; but one would have thought -. Lover's tiff," he said. suddenly and bitterly: "and doing the pleasant to me to make him smart a bit. He'll be round tomorrow when the mother'

He went back dejectedly to his ship nd, countermanding the tea with which the zealous Henry was about to fulular him, changed his clothes and sat down to

"You've got a bit wet," said the mate. Where'd you get the coat?"

"Friend," said the other, "Had it len to me. You know that Capt. Gething I told you to look out for?"

"I do," said the other, eagerly. "Let the crew know that the reward is alsed to five pounds," said the skipper. drawing strongly at his pipe

"If the reward is riz to five pounds the ook'll be 'ung for murder or som'think, aid Henry, "It's no use lookin' to the

rew for 'elp, sir-not a bit " stripper deigned no reply, and his essage having been conveyed to the valled there.

"I'm goln' to have a go now," said emphatically. "Five pounds is worth picking up."
"Wot we want," said fat Sam, "is one

o' them things people 'ave in the cityme o' the 'er what d'yer call ems." "'Ansom keb?" suggested the cook.
"'Ansom keb!" said Sam, scornfully.

One of them things wot 'as a lot o' people n. I mean. "Transcars," said the cook, who was all "But you couldn't take a tra near all over the country, Sam."

say you was a silly fool," said Sam im patiently. "I mean one o' them things cople puts their money in " automatic mach -- " when Henry jostled

"Wot are you gettin" at?" said Dick "Why don't you talk plain?" "Cos I can't remember the word," sail

Sam angrily; "but a lot o' people gets together and goes shares." "You mean a syndikit," said Dick. "That's the word," said Sam with "Well, wot's the good of it?" said

"Ints way," said Sam, "we make up a syndicit and divide the money betw en us when 'e's found. It 'ud be a crueithing, Dick, if, just as you'd spotted your man, I was to come along and snap 'im up under your werry nose, for instance -"
"You'd better try it," said Dick, grim-

'it's a very good idea o' yours, Sam,"

You'd better come in, bick," said Sam "Not me," said Dick; "it's five pounds i'm "We shall be workin' agin you, you

know, me an' the cook an' the boy," said Sam auxiously. "Bo" said Heary, "don't think I'm takin' a 'and, 'ces I'm not."

"Werry good, then," said Sam; "the - the - , what d'ye call it, Dick." "Syndikit," said Dick.
"The syndikit is me an' the cook, then," said Sam, "Give us your 'and, cook In this informal way the 'Capt, Gething Search Company" was founded, and the syndicate, thinking that they had a good

thing, began to hold aloof from their fel es, and to confer darkly in remote corners. They expended a shilling on a popumorted into their lives which brightened them considerably.

The following day the skipper spent and at work with the cargo, bastling about

with feverish energy as the afternoon wore on and left him to imagine his rival tete atete with Apple After tea a reaction set in, and bit by bit the mate, by means of timely sympathy, learned all that there was to know. Henry, without a display of anything, except, perhaps, silence, learned

it, too. "Hi's in your favor that it's your own craft," said the mate; "you can go where you like. If you find the father she might chuck the other feller."

"That isn't my object in finding him," said the skipper. "I just want to find him to oblige ber."

He set off the following afternoon, fol-

lowed by the stealthy giances of the crew, who had beard something from Henry, and, first getting his beard trimmed at a barber's, walked along to call on Mrs. Gething. She was in and pleased to see scarching, supplied him with another pho tograph of the missing captain.

"Miss Gething weil?" inquired the skip-per, as, after accepting an invitation to a cup of tea, be noticed that she only laid "Oh, yes. She's gone to London," said

Mrs. Gething. "She's got friends there "Mr. Glover," said the skipper to him cit, with dismal intuition friend here the day before yesterday,

"Oh, yes, Mr. Glover," said the old lady: "a man in a very good position. He's very nice, an't he?" "Splendid," marmured the skipper,

vagnely. "He would do anything for her," said the fond mother. "I'm sure it's quite touching the way he looks after her." "Going to be married soon?" queried the skipper. He knew it was a rise tion for a comparative stranger to ask, but he couldn't help it.
"When my husband is found," said the

old lady, shalding her head sadiy. "She won't marry till then." The skipper and back in his chair, and isning his plate from him, pondered over this latest piece of information. It seemed at first an excellent reason for not finding Capt Gething, but the idea had hardly unworthy, and manfully resolved to do la best. For an four he sat listening to the

e silenily departed and nude his way back to the "Seamew."

amewhat prosy talk of the old lady, and

then—there being no sign of Annis' return-

VI. To the cook's relief he found that the camew's' next voyage was to a little post on the West coast named Cockle noth calling at the garrison town of Bymouth on the way. He told Sam that it was a load off his mind, and showed clearly by his manner that he expected the syn licate, at least, to accept his story. They spent most of their time in the galley, there, secure from money-grubbing enves droppers they make ed their plans over the washing of potatoes and the scouring of "On the Trail" was ably clever, and they obtained many helpful suggestions from it, though the dimarked all the most valuable passages in

The syndicate was the first to get asnor the evening they arrived at Bymouth. They ne to the conclusion in their delibers tions that the only possible place in which retired mariner would spend his evening was a public house, and they resolved to do them thoroughly,

"The worst of it is," said Sam as they walked slowly together to the town, "is the drinkin'. Arter I've 'ad five or six nts, everybody looks to me like Cap'n Jething.'

won't 'ave no drinkin'," said the "We'll do wot the feller did in that ory 'Ave you got sixpence about you? "Wot for?" inquired Sam, carefully.

"Workin' expenses," replied the cook twelling fondly on the phrase, "That'll be thruppence each, then," said

Sam, eyeing him suspiciously, "Sixpence each," said the cook, "Now do you know what we're goin' to do?" "Chuck money away," hazarded Sam as he reluctantly drew a sixpence from his pocket and handed it to the cook "Where's your stxpence?"

The cook showed it to him, and San ose faith in human nature had been argely shaken by a perusal of the de tective story, bit it critically.

"We can't go into pubs without drinkin in the ordinary way." said the cook, "se we're goin' in to sell boot-laces, like th chap in the book did. Now do you see? "Why not try something cheaper first" growled Sam, "measurin' foot-marks, or over earing fellers talking. It's just like

cookie, doing expensive things. Under the cook's glance of silent scor winding up finally by demanding his Don't you be a fool!" said the cook

"You leave it to me." "And get tied up in a chair with m own boot-laces, p'raps," said the irritate seaman.

The cock, affecting not to hear him looked ut for a boot shop, and having found one walked in, followed by the discontented "Wot am I to say?" demanded Sam sur

lily as they stood outside, and the cook ng half a dozen laces over his arm. "You needn't say anything," replied the "Just walk in an' 'old 'em up in the people's faces, an' if anybody offers you a

drink you may 'ave it."
"Thank you for nothin'," said Sam with prophetic insight. "You take all the pubs this side of the igh street and I'll take the other," said cook, "and if you look as cheerful as you look now you ought to take a lot

He turned away, and with a farewell ution against drinking, set off. stout seaman, with a strong distaste for his job, took the laces in his hand and bent his steps in the direction of a small but noisy tavern in the next street. The public bar was full, and Sam's heart failed him as he entered it, and, bearing the cook's instructions in his mind, held up mers. Most of th

took no notice, and the only man who said anything to him was a red-nosed sergeant of marines, who, setting his glass with great deliberation on the counter, gazed fixedly at a dozen laces crawling over his red sleeve. His remarks, when be discovered their connection with Sam, were of a severe and sweeping character, and ontained not the slightest reference to a

In the next bar he met a philanthropist the bought up his whole stock-in-trade The stout seaman was utterly unprepared

him dutably. "There, there," said his benefactor kindly. "Never mind about thanking

Sam obeyed him easily, and, departing in dence, went off to the nearest bootship to buy more laces. Taught by experience ne put some of the new stock in his pocket, and with a couple of pairs in his band, entered the next tavers on the beat,

The bar was pretty full, but he pushed his way in, and, offering his wares in a per-functory fashion, looked around carefully for any signs of Capt. Gething. a tose of her head as she caught sucht of

"I'm goin', miss," said Sam, blusbing with shame. Hitherto most barmaids had treated him with kinders, and in taverns where his powers were known, usually addressed him as "sir."

"hown on your luck, mate," said a voice as he turned to go. "Starving, sir," said Sam, who was never one to trouble about appearances. "Sit down," said his new friend, with

ing the seaman in a bostile fashion. Sam's eyes beamed softly with a mixture of gratitude and amusement as his new friend came back with a plut of ale and some bread :

"Get through that, old chap," said the man as he handed him the bread; "and there's some more Where that came fro H: sat down opposite, and, taking a long pull at the pewter, watched with a kind so lie to see the famished seaman eat. He noted as a strange fact that starving men nibble gently at the outside crust first, and then start on smull, very small, mouthfuls ably, warring them of the dangers of the

For a few minutes Sam, with one eve in the pewter and the other on the door, struggled to perform his part. Then be rose, and normaring broken thanks, said he would take some home to his write and

"Never mind your wife and children? empty newter. "You cal that up and P.4 give you a couple of loaves to take home

"My 'art's too full to eat," said Sam,

getting a little neason the door "He means his stummer," said a stern but youthful voice which the unhappy an knew only too well. He turned smartly and saw the face of Heary peering res the partition, and beside it the grin-agr countenance of Dick.

'He was on our ship this afternoon." scrambled still higher up the partition, using funger at Sain, who had been pushed dinner, an' arter he'd eat it he went off a the quiet in one of our chap's clothes."
"That's right, males," said the de-

ighted Dick, nodding at the audience. "One of our enaps named Sam:" went on Henry; "one of the best an' kindest carted chaps that ever breathed." The costomers gazed sternly at Sam

as he sat open-mouthed listening to these concitions. In every gathering there is besion it is to Highy Wrongs, and one of this type present at once suggested return me the plotnes to the rightful owner. His suggestion was adopted with enthus and a dozen men at once closed found the

Outside, gentlemen, please," said the earmaid, bastily. They went out in a cluster, the stout eaman in the center fighting like a madman, and nearly overturning three soldiers who were passing. The riot that ensued took three pulicemen and a picket away, only saw the beginning of it, and consumed by violent indignation, did not pause until be had placed half a dozen

streets between blusself and the scene For a time be stroffed on a imlessly, and en, resolving not to be defeated by the tinences of Dick and the boy, paused high-class tavern and went in. I wo or three well-dressed men, whose be cior contrasted favorably with that of the valuar crew he had just left, shook ir bends, but not unkindly, and he wa about to leave when a big black-hearded

"That's a poor game," said the big man,

'Yes, sir," said Sam, humbly 'You look as if you thrive on it." said the in, somewhat sternly "It's only looks, sir," said Sam, shakng his head, as he walk to the door.

"Drink, I s'pose"" said the other. 'No. sir." said Sam. "When did you taste food last?" coninged the other. "Yesterday morning," said Sam, clear-

ig a soft piece of bread from his teeth "Could you take something?" inquired the other.

Sam smilled expectantly and took a seat He heard his new friend order a pot, and wiping his mouth on the back of his hand, tried to think of something nice to say as he drank it. Then his blood frore in his veins, and his jaw dropped as other came from the counter and held

out half a loaf "There my man," he said kindly, "put that inside you." Sam took it and fried to put it into

his pocket, and repeating his old tale about taking it home to his children, rose to depart. You cat that, and I'll give you a co of leaves to take home to them," said the

The bread fell from Sam's nerveless bystander picked it up, and wiping it on his cont, returned it to him. "Go on," said the big man, taking a

deen draught of the beer; "cat away"
"I must see my children eat first," said Sam in a broken voice 'You eat that bread or I'll call a police man and give you in charge," said the other, raising his voice. "I believe you're

an imposter. Where's your hawker's it-In a state bordering on frenzy Sam off a piece of the bread and tried to swallow it. He took up a water bottle and drank some of the contents, and within five minutes had swallowed as

"Go on," said the donor sternly. "I won't," said Sam fiercely. The other rose and went to the door. Just step this way a minute, constable, e said, quietly.

He stood aside, and as Sam paused with the bread in his hand, the door opened and Dick and Harry entered, and shaking their heads, gazed sorrowfully opon him. The mus sat down and laughed until he cried, as Sam, realizing the plot of which he had been the victim, flung the bread at Henry and made for the door. He went down the road, mad with indignation, and with a firm resolve to have no more to do with There's lots more of the kind-

boot laces, pitched them away. His brain was in a whirl, but two definite objects shaped themselves in his mind as he

ideas firmly fixed be Went abound again and going into the lonely foe'sie, climbed into his bunk and forgot his sorrows in sleep-in sleep so sound that the others, upon their return an hour later, failed to threw a slice of bread at him. After which everybody had to keep awake all night to mount guard over their lives.

(To Be Continued.)

the ficids and across a highway to capty Recentric Millionaires. away-all these are points which may bring Mere money-making seems not to have victory or defeat when a hundred th tisfied Barney Barnato. He wanted to men grappic in a struggle. The gons risk have the fun of spending money, too, and for the hills and knolls when they go into action, the cavalry must have a ciean sweep enjoy everything that it would buy, His taste in this particular is in vivid of the fields if they are to break lines of contrast to that of the late Mr. Joseph infantry, the marching battle lines are Richardson, of New York, who died June broken and thrown into confusion by a S, leaving a fortune estimated at \$30,000, dich across which a farmer's boy could was about eighty-three years

spring with ease.

old, and his long life had apparently been passed very much to his satisfaction. He A nale and a half above our right wing is a simple wooden bridge spanning th was a contractor of great energy and diffcreek to connect the highway. Above and rence, and laid the foundations of his forbelow the bridge are steep banks, ove one in that calling. He was a millionaire when the civil war began, and as long as would plunge downwardt brough the bushes, be lived he kent on earning more money. bound over the habbling waters without ef-fort, and be at the top of the other bank in nd investing his gains with excellent negment. He built waterworks, railmoment. Not so with the battle line toads and many great buildings, and was very provid of some of his professional ex-It halts, wavers and marches by the right or left flank to find another crossing above ploits but the work for which he was most r below. The guns change position a mous was the erection of a four-story dead run, the cavalry trot or gallop house on a five-foot strip of hand at the northwest corner of Lexington avenue and and waste precious time. A hatthe is Eighty-second street won or lost because a single brigade loses a quarter of an boar in reaching the posi-

happened to own that little strip of land. A man who had planned to build a block adjoining it offered him \$1,000 for his bolding. He wanted \$5,000, and failing to get it concluded to build him self a house, which he did very ingeniously and fived in it for fifteen years. He had a summer resort at Fridgeport, one but the five-foot brone was his ome for half the year.

Mr. Richardson's ideas were somewhat peculiar, and recall those of the late Mr. Fayerweather, who left so much money to measure of respect which is due to a his own preferences instead of nattecning after someone else. He liked to make money, and he made a great deal; be ikled to save money, and be saved nearly all be made: he did not enjoy spending ey, so he spent little. By his will he left \$50,000 to a clergyman, \$17,500 to the Central Park Paptist Church, and the rest of his fortune to his wife and two dren. -Harner's Weekly.

Costly Newspapers.

For those who wish to learn of the oppenings of the world, the newspapers of the present day are worth many times as ich to the reader as they were forty years Yet, in spite of their increase in size and costliness of news given, they are sold for a sum that would have been impossible then. In war times the great dailies were mainly four or six-page papers, and sold at from 3 to 5 cents. Now they un from eight to sixteen pages, and while 2 cents is the standard price, very many

But there are still certain great newspapers in the world that have never low-ered their prices. Chief of these is the London Times, the nest influential daily paper in the world, whose subscription one is \$28 a year, single ceptes selling nani's Meosenger costs subscribers \$20 a

year, and buyers 8 cents a copy. The most costic general newspaper in the United States is the Spanish daily the Novedades, published in New York at 6 The most costly magazine in the world

is the weekly international edition of the American Architect of Fusion, which is \$25 a year, or 50 cents a copy. for it is the Englishnewscapers printed in the great Asiatic cities that sell for the highest figures. Fancy the Japanese newsboys in Yokohama shouting out "Weekly Mail, just out! 'Only \$1!" That is the price - \$50 for a year's subscription or \$1 the Shanghai Weskly Mail sell single copies for 80 cents and 40 cents apiece, respectively, while the Singapore Weekly Times:

can be had for \$32 a year, or 75 cents a Costliest of all, however, is the Calcutta Englishman, a newspaper published once a month and selling for \$1 50 a copy. Fiji Islands Times comes out every two

weeks at \$1.25 a number.
The highest priced daily in the world is the Hong Kong Report, 14 cents a copy, it \$38 a year. The Bombay Daily States man is a good second at 12 cents a copy

"Bobs."

Next to the Queen herself the three no able personages in the great jubilee process woon were Lord Roberts, the Lord Mayo ind the man who fell from the tree. It is well known that there is no love lost between Lord Wolseley, the advocate of the 'short service," and Lord Roberts, the hampion of the "long service" in the army. Besides this, "Bobs" is very popular with the people, and Lord Wolseley is not. It was a graceful and tooching incidentin the affairs of yesterlay that the Queen should lecorate Laru Roberts' Arab charger, which he rode on his celebrated march to Canda har, with a war medal, which the animal wore round its neck in the procession. The Lord Mayor is always a big personage in London. No one takes him very seriously, but he is pre-eminently "great" in his own domain, where he ranks next to royalty, and the "verye goodlye sword" of the time of Queen Elizabeth, Which his lordship car ried, was a great attraction. But the man Who fell off the tree and excited mysl sym. pathy carried off the palm. There is always an incident of this kind in a royal procession. When the maiden princess came from Denmark to become the Wife of the English prince, a stupid urchin-not so stupid after all-fell under the carriage wheel and called forth the sympathics of the fair young lady, who stretched out her hand to save him. It was the event of the

day .- New York Advertiser. A Senior Schedule. We're a-studying of literature As hard as e'er we can; We dote on revolutions And the brotherhood of man,

With a truly lyric cry; And for democratic spirit We'd lay us down and die We're a reading of philosophy To find out why we be, And a learning what external worlds

We're returning to the people

We don't believe in matter, And of mind we're not quite sure; We're inclined to think uncertainties Most likely to endure. We're a-studying geology

Lie wholly in the me.

Of prehistoric times,

Before the tides of primal sea

Got written into rhymes.

When the "old world spun forever," And the poets never knew it-And all the rocks, and stones, and things Were nicely mixed up through it.

We're a-looking at fine pictures Made by people what are dead; And we criticise cathedrals With a Ruskin at our head. We're a growing awful learned-

But we do not mind confessing

That it's all a beastly grind

⇒HOLDING THE BRIDGE №

A knoll in a meadow-a bit of forzet-

ion assigned to it. A division is to

aside by a wall-a regiment by a railfence

These are the orders to the captain of

"You will march your company to the

bridge and take up such position as you

t; if attacked by a thousand, do no fail

will take our right wing and flank, you

Company" F" marched away by the right

face and was soon lost to sight in the woods. In an hour it was throwing up

an earthwork at the north end of the bridge

It was a simple ridge of earth, extending

east and west across the highway and into the fields for a distance of a hundred feet.

with its center stronger and thicker than

is wings. When that was finished the

men pulled down small trees and oprocted

worked like farmers, each man straight

eated by a great body of troops a di-

ing of bogies and the rattle of droms

Ail the various sounds go to make up one

general, a wesome sound, as if you could

and knew that a great tidal wave was

the sea. The sounds come nearer and

nearer, and you seem to feel the tramp

of the thousands of feet-you bear a nighty muttering, as of men scelding at each other-your ear catches fragments which

speak of menace and jetit, and make you look behind to see if the road is clear tor

flight. It is the march of the scepter of death, and its fleshless bones rattle as

it tramps forward over the highways to an

"There they come! Stendy now!"
The enemy should have sent a force

ago, but of the hundred details of a taitle

ome are overlooked or some one blunder

make the turn of the highway and not

have been halted on its march

"Aye, Bent" is the answer-

"How many?"
"A division, atleast."

ot in about a minit!"

away down the stream.

old man!"

peers over the top of the earthwork.

"And What are we goin' to do?"

But, damn it, it sin't a fair show

trenches, with two feet of earth to cover

"Better save yer breath. We ain'tlookin

for fuir shows just now. Londy, but what a

chance to swipe it to 'em! They are forming

up around the bend, and We'll bev it red

Around the bend of the road two hun

dred infantry formed up in lines eight abreast, the whith of the mad allow-

ed for no more. With bayonets fixed

nd muskets at the trail they waited

for a minute and then made a dush.

From the center of the earthwork leaper

sheet of flame a third of the Way across

the bridge-from the right and left other

sheets of flame. Every musket had a rest

on top of the earthworks-every sight

overed a human target. The head of the

dvancing column did not reach the plank

of the bridge. It melted away in the midal

of the obstructions, and forty mealay dead and wounded as the smoke lazily drifted

at it," said Ben, as he rose up for a look

"We ought to got at least twenty more

"Don't be a damn fool, Ben! D'ye

'Say I don't want too much o' yer chin.

'Oh! yer don't? Wall, you jest 'tene

to fightin' and dyin' and don't worry about my chin! Better shet yer eyes this

time and see if ye can't damage some of 'cm!"

That dash was a feeler to develop th

trength defending the bridge, and to se

if it was mined for blowing up. Around the bend of the road they laughed at the

idea of a hundred men holding a division

at bay. Farther back the soldiers fretter

and funed and officers cursed and swore

at the delay. Down on the left the batta

was already opening, and death was sharp

ing his scythe on the stone walls which

men of peace had built up fifty years

This time a column of 500 men formed

eight abreast as before, dashed at the

bridge with ringing cheers, and, though the first four or five ranks went down.

others lived to reach the earthwork and

For ten minutes there was shot and shout and curse and groun, and then the bridge

was clear again-clear of all but the dead

and wounded. The veteran, Ben, was one of the half-dezen who started to cheer

to make a fierce fight for its posses

"Get ready! Fire at will!"

whar'st If you feel tired and sleep;

stop one of our divisions from gitth

you'd better ask fur leave to go to the

think the loss of forty or fifty men would

They'll come ag'in, of course

Purty fair fur what time We was

us up! Feel shaky, old man?"
"Num, but it ain't a fair show."

dd veter

clogged the highway to the sout

un to hold the beidge until the last!"

"To the last."

think best to prevent the army from crossing. If attacked by a hundred men, hold

so the enemy sullenly fell back, but Tons

Want yer makin' a cassed fool of

We've licked 'em agin!" "Licked heil! If this war don't end in ss'n three months you won't know 'nuff to pound sand! The idea of your yawpin' nd whoopin' over a victory when we've

ost at least twenty men, and when we ar' sartin to be wiped out body and butest Look along the lines." Hen looked up and down the lines and hivered as he noted the dead and wounded eployed a force to the right, another t

e left, and the men crept forward to the ry brink of the ravine and opened such a hot fire that no defender of the earth this fire a force formed up in the road to dash across the bridge. The captain sent in order along the earthwork, and each

fire when the critical moment came. "Say, this is gettin' to be red-hot!" exclaimed Ben as the bullets sent the dirk flying over his head.

"Wall, we don't need any foe jest now!" grimly replied Tom. We ar' goin' to git licked on this deal,

old man. 'Not licked, but wiped out. The orders ar' to hold the bridge to the last, and our captain's the man to do it. Purty leetle ight-mighty purty. Lots o' heads will git busted when we raise up to fire. Never

had a bollet through yer cokernut, did Ben did not answer. Just then came the rder to fire at will, and as the muskets looked over the earthworks the enemy cheered and dashed for the bridge third time. Over the rocks and bushes obcrying out-over the dead and over the blood-spots-and again they reached the sarthwork and fought hand to band,

"Guess they'll stay licked this time!" growled hen, as the enemy fell back after ten minutes' fighting. his bayonet into the earthwork to clear it of the blood. "Wall, of all the blamed idiots in Grant's army you take the caket

We've got about ten men left to hold of the bridge, and heaped obstructions on a division, and ye ar' countin' on a vick'ry!" Then why don't we retreat!" "Agin orders, ye old shell-back Here's bar' we die, and over that Is what from his temples, and they than took up

heir musicus and were ready. Did you ever try to imagine the sounds they'll bory us." Now the enemy, maddened by the delay and resistance, crossed men above and blow the bridge, and they were soon takvision or a corps-moving forward to bat-tle? You hear a far-away neighbor of ing the breastwork in rear. The captain corporal had command of the remnant of "What d' ye call this?" asked Ber as the

> "Next doot to hell!" replied Tom. "Face about and see if ye can this a barn door." "I've dropped a man every time I've fired, and and "

> "Got yer dose, etc? Wall, I told ye it would be a wipe-out. Sorry fur ye, old man, but war would be a picule if no-body was killed. Guess I'm the out? me left, and I'll go back and report, erm and shoulder and hip, a powder-

peared before his colonel and saluted Company 'P,' sir-detailed to hold forward to seize the bridge three hours the bridge above."

"Enemy forced the crossing half an hour In front of the division marching at will over the dusty road is an advance goard to clear the way. In front of the advance a few cavalrymen. The latter are first ago. Captain dend-fleutenants dend-all dend but me!" CHARLES B. LEWIS.

No Honor in This Thief. the obstructions and the earthwork at the "You can say what you please," de-clared the man who used to blow sales and north end. They smile in deriston. In front of them are a hundred men, tehind them five brigades. There will be a rush benco the unsophisticated, "but there is lown the narrow road with its walls of clay ver the bridge-over the earthworkknow there are plenty of men you could core of dead and wounded friends and oes-and the scepter of death will hardly right out they will stand by you to a finish. 'm going to tell you about the mean "See and hear 'em, Tom?" quenes an l ever knew in the business, and I'm glad

Otherwise I would have had to repent of murder among my other sine. This fellow came to me one morning early with a lot of money and tonds that "Die here, of course! Didn't the captain that he had been hard pushed that his place would be closery watched and that ny we were to hold the bridge to the be could throw the officers off the scent protested Ben. "Who's fightin' fifty to one and expectin' to come out on top." argued that matter at all, but slowed the iunder for him, gave him some good ad-"Nobody. We are comin' out in the rice about keeping his mouth shut and as-

sured him that the stuff would be ready for him whenever he made a demand on me. When a big reward was affered through the papers for the recovery of the bonds and a still larger one for the capture of the thief and money, I never thought of peaching. I was too honorable a man to make money in any such may. Without my having a hint of trouble my house was raided, the wealth was found and I was olaced under arrest as the burgher Even then I never offered to squeak but got word to the real bank rather to do what came on he was the main witness for the I had planned the robberg, that I had The true story as told by me was only laughed at. When a man has done time and is caught with the bootle, ne might just as well throw up his hands. I got ten years, and the other fellow got the reward. All that time I was nursing my wrath and charing to get out that I might work my revenge. But he was settled by that old man on the white herse tout none of us can dodge." - Betrait Free Press.

The Ubiquitous Rut.

eing transferred to the rear basement of a

minent hotel. It had come from a can actory, and the narrow, curling strips had ecome so twisted and intertwined as to form a conglomerate mass that was moved with the greatest difficulty by two sturdy fellows with stable forks. A bystander who a swell hotel had for such truck was anwered by an attache of the house: use it for rats. I mean the big gray follows with whiscers. The hotel rat ner, bolder and wiser than any other rat-He laughs at traps, fattens on poison the killing or chasing of dogs, cats and ferrets is his pet diversion. Even when enevpetic measures have rid us of the pests, they are with us again in augmented force within a day or two. They will tunnel through almost anything for incredible disfances. It is their boring ability that has given us so much (nouble hitherto No marter how we close up their passageways the routes were promptly reopened. Fill-ing the holes with broken glass was considered a good scheme until we found that, with marvelons patience, they removed the gines piece by piece. But we think we've we construct a sort of abattis, covering all our cellars. They can't get through it. They can't chew it and they can't carry is away as they do broken bottles, for when Mr. Rat takes hold of a single strip of the tin he finds it an inseparable part of a network weighing many pounds "-Phile-delphia Record.